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BALAAMS REPLY
TO THE
ASSE,
OR THE
Clergies Answer
TO THE
Countreys Complaint.

By H. VV.



LONDON,

Printed by J. B. and are to be sold at the se-
veral Booksellers shops in London and
Westminster. 1661.

BALDWIN'S REPLY

TO THE

A. S. S. E.

OF THE

Clergy's Answer

TO THE

Countrys Complaint

By R. W.

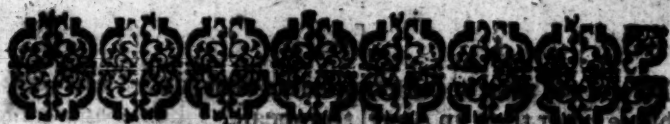


LONDON,

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Windsor.



The first betwixt poor Balaam and his Ass

Balaams Reply to the Ass,

OR THE

Clergies Answer

TO THE

Countrys Complaint.

[1]

Not will I hope (can I be so) to any one

[2]

To the Reverend Bishops.

You learned Prelates of the House of Peers!
That sit in *Moses* Chair, and bow your ears
To Widows just Complaints, and Orphans Tears!

[3]

Grave (Fathers of the Church) to you we come!
Begging for Justice! though they say we are dumb;
If we were so indeed were well for some.

(4)

[4]

To you we send our complaints all,
None fitter then an Angel to appeale.
The fray, betwixt poor Bala'm and his As?

Bala'ms Reply to the As
And that your Lordships are concern'd I'm sure;
Unless you can both seem, and lots indure,
The livings are your own, our's but the cure!

Clergies Answer [5]

I will be no wonder to your learned Train,
That *Issacar of Levy* should complain!
The Asses speech will in his mouth remain.

[6]

Nor wil't I hope seem strange to any one,
That there's amongst us such division,
Proud *Jack* did evermore abuse poor *Jabal*!

In reply to Bala'm to reply [7]

Unto the Asses charge, when all men cry,
A Switch and spurr's the Best Philosophy!

Grave Fathers of the Church (to you we come)
Begging for Justice I though they say we are dumb;
Yet in my heart I think no wise man do;
If we were to, I think no wise man do;
Think us false Prophets, for they all do know,
They are but Asses, that do count us so.

But

[18]

But oh we cannot hold, should we not speak,
And sigh aloud, our very hearts would break,
T would vex a *Mase*, were he here so meek!

[19]

Say can it chafe but greive our souls to see?
Simoon and *Livy* fight, both disagree?
And sorry boys, old Fathers villifie?

[20]

Did ever any since the cursed day
Turn up his fathers skirt, divulge his shame?
Yes, yes, mine own dear son have done the same!

[21]

And as if God were deaf, and Conscience dumb,
Rebellion but a peccadillo, some
Like *Nero* have display'd their Mothers Womb.

[22]

Lord didst thou send the wild and Savage Bear,
To slay th' unto was boys that scoffing were?
At the good Prophet for his want of hair?

[23]

How canst thou stay thy hand, when men and all
Do joyn together and in scoffing cull,
Though not bald Priests by chance, yet Priests of *Re'al*

And.

(8)

[15]

And why Sir *John*, what mean those names and words,
Or hath the Church her Knights, as well as Lords?
Or, tell me are her Keys exchanging for Swords?

[16]

True not long since he lay dead in a town,
Of civil Wars, the cross, and waining Moon,
Parted her Ensign, and she was undone.

[17]

But that some gallant hearts that scorn the loss
Of life and goods, at best but splend'ring dross
Stay'd for to help their Mother bear her Cross.

[18]

But why Sir *John*, would not St. *George* have been
A better Epethite, but chiefly when
Griffins, and *Dragons* are so neer a kin?

[19]

Or wa'ts greater piece of eminence,
To be a Mother, then a Maids defence,
Is love inferior to obedience?

[20]

Why the rude Vulgar folk do call us *John*,
And add a sir, I must profess I'm one
As must go seek a Revelation?

True

(67)

[41]

True, we have been as we do all confess, T
A long time in the howling wilderness, L
Save that we might not preach up, righteoussness, T

[42]

Besides our Commons too, were very small, T
Like to the Baptists, yet they differ all, T
John fed on Honey, but we fed on Gall, W

[43]

Yet we embrace the title, tis no shame, T
For to be Christn'd with the Baptists name, T
May we be like him all a burning flame, W

[44]

But ah this is not all that you do see, T
A thousand harder names as yet, there be, W
In the poor Parsons Graceless, T

[45]

Dogs, Beasts and Wolves, Tigers and such as they, B
That range the silent Woods, live on the prey, C
Are Hieroglyphicks fit for to they say, T

[46]

And yet God knows our hearts, and souls we stand, F
Nor fight, nor fawn, nor insolent, nor proud, O
Or flush our selves with quaffing blood, T

But

Bus

(7)

[7]

But so the Tyrant of the East, we have
Us'd in (their Triumphs) of their Feasts
To bid poor Christians in the name of Feasts

[8]

What 'tis we have done, truly we know
To merit ill of them, did we see
With bended knees to supplicate our God

[9]

If we have took away from any one,
More then our Tent, on this condition
We are ready to make restitution

[10]

If Altars, Tapers, be Idolatry,
Gowns, Cuffs, Tippets, robes of Popery
Shew us good reason, why we have

[11]

But if the reading prayer be a sin
Cause, Devils and Devils, we have
The A's may then say, what is the sin

[12]

For is it really a sin, to say a mass
Of so much more, than the word of God
To this, we may say, we have a mass
And yet God himself, hath said a mass
Nor fight, nor fight, nor fight, nor fight
Of him our Lord, we have a mass
But

(91)

[33]

But oh we cannot pray our hearts are dead
Strange that we cannot pray, and yet can sing
The poor Man never did his pretensions want

[34]

True, we can hang the beads, and look demure
Talk fast, and look like Monks in a Line
And then not question but to sin secure

[35]

We do not love a long and tedious story,
Full of Parenthesis, pride and vain glory,
The *Pater Noster* is the best Directory

[36]

We do profess that we are none of those,
That Circumflex their Sermons with their Nose,
And mingle *Hopkins* Rimes, with *Widdows* Professions

[37]

Yet would you but touch safe to view the prayers,
Of your good Mother since these latter years,
Mixt with the incense of a Prelates Tears

[38]

Would you but hearken to her groans, and cry
Her sweet Pathetical and Apostrophical
You'd say there was no richer Sacrifice

B

The

(10)

【缺】

The penitent Disciple I do & swear, I will be true to thee, O Lord,
Ne'er wept so much, when thou wert here,
Fastned his Father, and didst him secure & true.

[40]

Even so the Belmets, lovingly to show,
It's Tears on them, that do return it to you.
Tears healing as the blood that from it flows!

[42]

But stay here comes a crowd of young, flighty
Just like a Taylor, Bill, a shrewd, bare knigger,
They say we are fourth, loose, profane, and tight!

[42]

I do not wish these Articles may be,
As false & charge, as manifestly,
As those were of a former Community

[43]

For then the bribed Person that should go
To prove the imputation to be false
Would be the greater scandal of the two!

[44]

But ye'll pray, that we may be as doff
Religious in plenty, when a' the folk
In *Canaan*, then in the *Wilderness*!

(11)

[45]

But we are Drunkards, men will ye and swear
Though we wish modesty and more desires
True in our Doctrine, Temperance our prayer

[46]

Then us for Thieves, and Robbers they do brand,
Though we profess we would upon no hand
Purchase an Acre of the Churches Land

[47]

But we are wanton, lustful, fond and fickle
And in our Neighbours Carra do thrust our Sickle
When we God with all here's Conventicle

[48]

Lastly we are dark Lights, blind Guides by name,
Though if we were, say which deserves most blame
A glimmering Taper, like a wadding flame

[49]

And yet the faults not ours, we had no doubt
Remain'd still not bright shining and devout
Had not a Sequestrati. h. blew out our light

[50]

That North-east gale, that fatal Hurricane,
That rush'd through all the quarters of the Land,
Rooted up Oaks, butler the Mulberry stand

(12)

[151]

Good Lord how prejudice and passion blinds
Our eys; how self-seekers men by the eare
Which way the wind doth blow, the Saylor steers!

[152]

If we say nothing then they spurn and kick
Call us dumb dogs, and throw us bones to pick
The Ase will vapour when the Ayon sick!

[153]

When we refuse to see, or least to mind,
Their grosse abuses, then the Priest is blind,
Weeping perhaps to see them so unkind!

[154]

But if we iustifie our holiness,
And prove by reason, what we do profess,
The wisdom of the world is foolishness!

[155]

At last when envy cannot find a hole
To shroud her self, down they sit and Caudle
Tis a poor silly superstitious soul

[156]

These are the cooffs and Jears, the cruelties
That wicked heads invent in drunken fits
To vex good men, and exercise their wits!

(13)

[47]

O wicked World, O monstrous Chameleon,
When men with great applause might kill and stalk,
Censure was Saintship, Sacrilege was real

[48]

When Churches by like stables, Altars like
Or Turn'd to Mangers, Priests and Organs were,
Both silenc'd, none might preach unless they'd swart!

[49]

No Musick in the Church but Widows cries,
No Sacraments but Oaths, no Rites but lies,
No Christian Burial, and no Sacrifice

[50]

But thanks be to our gracious God, for why? He said
He heard our prayers, and harkn'd to our Cry,
And thereupon turn'd our captivity

[51]

We're all in peace, long may we remain,
May the Crown flourish on our Sovereign,
And ~~Arise~~ And blossom and bloom again

[52]

May all the Kings and Churches Enemies,
All their plots, projects, and conspiracies,
Be blown away like silly Gnats and Flies!

And

(14)

[63]

And now my Lords since we are thus dry
And nothing that comes from your side,
Pity our sorrows, pardon our offences

[64]

O Father, what shall we do
The bondman freed at last and not be
In love to him that sold him

[65]

Alas we don't sigh and complain because
Our honours lie at stake, but the good laws
Your reputation, and the Church's cause

[66]

Tis time, tis time my Lords, or to keep in
For your own safeties, or go armed when
The Lyons couchant, in the Affes skin

[67]

I'll say but this, take on a Levites word,
When once the Ase doth of his own accord
Thus kick Sir John, Hee'll quickly fling my Lord.

[68]

May all the Kings and Churches Enemies
All their proud pride and covetises
Be blown away like chaff and flies

